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Norwich, Wednesday, Jan. 26, 1910.

The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 3,000 of the 4,000 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses, in Putnam and Danielson to over 1,000, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and sixty-five postoffice districts, and forty-one rural free delivery routes. The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901, average 4,412

1905, average 5,920

January 22, 7,583

THE DISTRESSING PRICES.

There is no subject which the public is more interested in just at present than the high price of provender and the cause.

It is a statistical fact that since 1896 wages have advanced but 28 per cent., while the leading necessities have advanced 45 percent., which shows how much worse off the working classes are today than they were 14 years ago.

As one cause for present unbearable conditions, the Waterbury American claims from a western source this item:

"A meat dealer in Youngstown, O., says that an agent of a Kansas City packing house said that his firm had in cold storage 5,000 beef carcasses, which had been held in reserve for two years, awaiting just such an opportunity as now presented itself. The agent explained that the cold storage beef was being distributed now, at the high prices prevailing, and at the same time operated to slash the quotations on live beef, cutting the price at which packers are buying more beef to be put in the refrigerating plants, to be held again for a repetition of the same procedure."

This, if a true statement, is something which should be stopped. How long perishable food shall be kept in cold storage could have no regulation by law, not only in the monetary but the sanitary interest of the people.

There is one timely backing which the movement against such high prices gets, and this is the backing of such reliable statisticians as Bradstreet's and Dun's, which show that food prices were never so high as today in this land of plenty.

Bradstreet's record covers prices on ninety-six commodities that enter into daily consumption, and it shows that on January 1 the cost of living had increased so that a new high record was established. The previous high mark was set on March 1, 1907, and this was exceeded on the first of the present month by 1.1 per cent.

The government and the representatives of state government are moving to find out what refrigeration means, and if it is to be charged much of this alleged scarcity of fish and meats and eggs. These matters which may be regulated by law.

THE SPEEDY CONNECTICUT.

The report of Rear Admiral Seaton Schroeder, commander of the Atlantic fleet, that in the recent trials the battleships made new speed records, the Connecticut leading all others, is pleasing to Connecticut people. The admiral says:

"During the last week the fleet completed standardization and held four-hour full power trials. In power trials the Connecticut exceeded designed speed by more than one knot, the Minnesota, Kansas and New Hampshire exceeding designed speed by more than three-quarters of a knot. In full power trials, the Idaho and Mississippi exceeded designed speed, but all official records had not been received. The personnel is in good spirits over results of full power trials."

When the Connecticut was selected to fly the admiral's flag, there was no doubt as to her qualification to lead, and in this test she sustained her right to fly the admiral's flag from her masthead.

MAYOR FITZGERALD'S BEGINNING.

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, like Mayor Gaynor of New York, is making a good beginning. He contends that if economy is to be the rule throughout the city that the place for it to begin is right in the mayor's office, and to show that means that he has cut the salaries of his private secretary, assistant secretary, chief clerk, chief stenographer and license clerk. He has named William A. Byrd of 221 East Fourth street, South Boston, secretary of the music commission, as private secretary at a salary of \$3,000 a year, a reduction from \$4,000. Mr. Leahy was in the same class with the mayor-elect at school. While he is considered a wily politician, he makes a good record for himself by hitting the salaried men first instead of the day-paid men of the departments and in the trenches. If Mayor Fitzgerald keeps on, he may win the applause of his enemies and the praise of all his countrymen when it is time for him to step down and out.

It is real kind of the beef barons to tell the women that they should buy cheaper meat. What is cheap meat—dog meat, has advanced from 50 to 100 per cent. in three years.

Many a man will waste half an hour looking for the corn, who too busy to mail a letter for his wife.

NAVY YARD EXTRAVAGANCE.

The investigation of navy yard methods leaves no doubt that there is plenty of room for reform and economy in this department of the government.

In his hearing before the naval committee of the house, Secretary Meyer gave some striking illustrations of the evils of naval administration. He is striving to correct. The attention of the chief of the bureau of ordnance was called to the excessive charge for a certain piece of work, and he found of a total of \$2,781.21, \$1,217.92 had been incorrectly charged to it. Mr. Meyer added: "That is what I claim in some instances has been going on in the past; that foremen have made excessive estimates; that they have kept a job order open after almost completing the job, in order that the workmen might be transferred to another job to cover the underestimate of another case, and this will show you an example of irregular methods used, and indicates that it is inadvisable for the manager to have the cost and accounting system under his supervision."

Irregular methods have been followed which gave a false idea of the kind and quality of stock used on a job. Of five propellers which the manager at Mare Island had been ordered to make, four were found to be of such quality that they had to be sent to the scrap heap. Floor plates worth \$1,500 were sent to the dump because their weight was a little rusty.

This sensational evidence is official, and while not along the exact lines explored by the late Congressman Lilley, it shows that his contention was warranted and that if the inquiry had been fairly conducted valuable information in support of his claims would have been brought forth. The people's money should not be thrown away.

SPEED BOATS.

In these days the motor boats built for pleasure seekers make a speed over twice that of the regular river steamers, and in other words, "beat the canal." Boston this week is looking at motor boats designed and equipped with power to make from 25 to 30 miles an hour. A Boston paper says:

"Crowds stand and admire the finely turned lines of these swift and wonderful boats with their bows as sharp as a knife, their flat sterns and powerful motors which are a half-dozen of these long, narrow speed boats in the exhibition, and included among them are some that already have won high honors in the hands of their owners. There is the Dixie II, a craft made especially for racing, and with a large part of its interior occupied by a tremendously powerful eight-horsepower motor. The Dixie II is the winner of many important power boat contests. The Savallo is a longer boat than the Dixie II, and with some room for passengers. It has a bow that looks as if it might cut through the water with a minimum of resistance or friction."

"Another speed launch, and a new one, is the Premier. She is 33 feet over all and 4 feet 4 inches beam. Its walls are mahogany outside and cedar within, and the power plant consists of a six-cylinder, sixty-horsepower Premier automobile motor. The engine is so placed that when the boat is under way it is slightly forward, but when the boat is under way with the bow lifted the motor becomes level. The Premier has been tried in the cold storage cold, cutting the price at which packers are buying more beef to be put in the refrigerating plants, to be held again for a repetition of the same procedure."

Eastern Connecticut men who appreciate fast boats are interested in these remarkable speed-makers.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Happy thought for today: The man who does not know himself figures out that he is saintly instead of hypocritical.

There is a thought in Washington declining the nickel, but which will take its place has not yet been disclosed.

The measure of Senator Beveridge's modesty is his five and a half line autobiography written in the Directory of Congress.

It is fair to assume that people were spreading on the butter tin long before their "Ebeneszer" reached the boycotting stage.

Carrots give a fine complexion, and green tomato pie makes one think that life is extra real meat pie which he wants to think so or not.

Utah may be a mean state, but the governor gives notice that it is too good for the Johnson-Jeffries prizefight to be pulled off in.

When a man is going to do anything great he does not feed on meat. That is not the fodder that will enable Jeffries to knock out Johnson.

Theodore Roosevelt, gun in hand, standing clothed in khaki, beside a dead rhinoceros, looks more like Davy Crockett than an ex-president.

Senator Gordon of Mississippi is not the greatest man in the upper house; but his autobiography, in the Congressional directory is longest.

No one pretends to claim that Governor Pinchot is not a worthy successor of Dr. Eliot as president of the National Conservation association.

A balky horse does not like to be humored. If he cannot get up some opposition he cannot see much sense in balking. Some men are the same.

The total value of lands given to corporations to promote railroad development in Connecticut is \$49,295,270. Uncle Sam has been generous.

A reward of \$250 for the identification and capture of Treasurer Hays, who looted the Southbridge, Mass., Savings bank does not seem to be excessive.

The treasurer of a Pittsburg church who took \$22,800 of the funds says that he "gave the money to the poor." He was too charitable at the expense of others.

The American girl who has a "do" she has bought and paid for is not to blame for taking the same kind of interest in him that she does in her pocket dog.

The English papers have shown that the English lord is the kind of a descendant which might be found in the almshouse if the government did not hold him up.

Just Sat On Them.

President Taft has soothed the angry passions in the house by a timely application of common sense. Chicago News.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY

HE WAS COLD

"Well, what's the matter this time?" demanded the irate tenant, when he finally found the janitor in the basement of the apartment house. "Are you afraid of that coal famine they're talking about, or did you break your shovel?"

"Matter," repeated the placid janitor. "I didn't know there was anything the matter. What is it?"

"What is it?" roared the tenant. "Well, that's good. The same old thing is the matter—we're freezing to death up in our flat, and we've got to have more heat. My wife is wearing my overcoat and she has the baby wrapped in the hall rug. We had to light all the burners of the gas range to keep the water pipes from freezing in the kitchen, and the woman across the hall came in to borrow a cup of sugar an hour ago, and she's there yet—keeping warm by her gas! That's the matter!"

The janitor slowly relighted his pipe and studied the tenant with the next breath. "Well, if you think your flat is cold, I'll see about it."

"If I think it's cold?" exclaimed the exasperated man from the upper regions. "Say, I've just come from that 'fun' of them and they have me getting sleeping bags like these North Pole explorers if I isn't warmed up a little, else I may suppose I can't get to sleep for anything."

"You can search me," said the janitor. "I wouldn't lie there. It's too dark."

"I didn't come down here to listen to your criticisms on my home," sputtered the tenant. "I've got the choicest flat in this building, but that's neither here nor there. I want more heat sent up there quick, or I'll get the landlord on the telephone and he'll hear a few words."

"Go ahead—call him up," advised the janitor. "It makes me strong with him when he's in my not wasting coal. It's going up half a dollar a ton in a few days."

"I don't care if it goes up \$10 a ton!"

JOLLYING THE ENGLISH PEERS.

Phases of the Campaign Still in Progress.

The peers continue, however, to enjoy a certain prominence in the social life of the country. "Tootie Pie," one to bring humor, and good humor, into it. The radicals have made much of them and they have made some fun for themselves. Never before have the peers had so much free advice as they are now receiving. One being described, to say nothing of their follies. One comes across many more of these "Peers Who Play Golf."

"Peers Who Write Novels," than are ordinarily printed, and if any mystic of the public objects to much of it will remain. Their family histories have been ransacked for phiblar traces of ancestral courage of their forefathers and the taxes they pay on them, their servants, their subjects, and their public objects—all such details are being inventoried. The occasion provides some excuse for curiosity about "Peers Who Play Golf."

"The Dooks' Doodad Book," which gives such a list of names and their doings. Our weekly must include a secret still. Paters cut my income down to \$15,000. "Wanted—Very badly, a peer with a little feeling for the sufferings of the poor. The Duke of Dashford object to putting his cottage property into proper sanitary condition. He has a plan to build a meat drain on his pocket. "Why does the brewing interest seem to have so much to do with the heraldry of the Lords? Because it represents the bar sinister," and poems of this sort:

Any Dook to Any Other Dook.

Those thankless unemployed complain and ask for more to eat and drink. They ought to know that grief and pain are natural here, and yet they think they ought to be fed up, you see. Like me and you and you and me.

They go and tramp about the street, and look forlorn and worn and ill. On purpose, so that if they meet me, they will say, "Hello, old fellow. With shocks undue. The blood that's blue."

Of you and me and you and me. The "wild" peers, "unaccustomed to public speaking," who, as one of them, Lord Willoughby de Broke, said the other day, "faced the music of the social meeting to defend their order, have not perhaps revealed any startling talent, though some of them have been far above the level of the average peer, according to the radical papers, professed himself incapable of any speech but refused to sing a song instead. A hostile critic declares that "pretensions to second chamber authority were not dressed in the language of the stable and the hearth, are sadly lacking in the language of the peer. The reality of these 'backwoods peers' has at any rate done something toward humanizing the lords."—London Correspondent of The New York Sun.

Little Japanese Girls.

The other night we had a singular festival near door. A teacher of dancing—an old woman of our neighborhood—died last year, and on the anniversary of her death, her estate was placed on a platform erected for the occasion next door, and offerings set before it. Then all the little girls she had taught—from four years up, were brought to dance before the "halo" of the spirit. The dancing was a fair thing, but then being tired, they would cry a little, and their mothers would carry them home, looking like wonderful dolls in their tiny gorgeous Kigurumi dresses. Surely a Japanese baby is the sweetest thing in all this world.

Beyond the other side of the garden I hear and see something much less pleasing—the training of a little girl. The child is very young, but she is obliged to sing nearly seven hours every day. I can tell what time it is by the tone of weariness in her voice. Sometimes she breaks down and cries to be let alone in vain. They do not beat her—but must sing some day about this and "save it right!"—Atlantic Monthly.

Loss of a Good Name.

New England statisticians are a little slow in discovering that Maine is no longer what it once was known as the Pine Tree state. Twenty years ago the head of the Maine Central railroad, when asked where a consumptive could take refuge to get the full benefit of the pines, answered that no pines had been left in Maine for a long time. Spruce there still is in some abundance, but it is fast falling before the ax of the lumberman, and the majestic forests that gave Maine her fame can be known no more. With the full knowledge that the name is rather to be chosen than riches, Maine deliberately suffered the sacrifice of the one for the other.—Omaha Bee.

ASSORTED TERRORS.

Fears of Many Kinds, Including the Fear of Fear.

Can anyone, outside of fiction or mythology, boast that his freedom from fear is absolute? Many are sufficiently brave to dash into a burning building or leap for a doctor when a patient is happily abounding, but often in the bravest there is some strange and often unreasoning fear.

A Frenchman mentions many sorts of specialized terrors, some of which are these: Aerophobia, or fear of open spaces. Haemophobia, or dread of blood. Monophobia, or fear of solitude. Neophobia, or horror of dead bodies. Thanatophobia, or dread of death. Phobias, or fear of having four. Pathophobia, or fear of disease. Kephophobia, or fear of becoming a kleptomaniac. Pyrophobia, or fear of matches. Straphobia, or fear of evil results from standing upright. Aerophobia, or fear of high places. Demonophobia, or dread of the devil. Phobias, or fear of having four. Some, says Collier's Weekly, do not enjoy passing through a herd of cows. One cannot enter a room of strangers unshaken. Where one man does not welcome the opportunity to walk along the street with a crowd of men, another, as prospective bridegroom, cannot face a church full of people without a tremor. Some it is said, in an empty house, for another the preliminary walk to the altar is a fearful ordeal. A dinner at which he is a post-prandial speaker, for a fourth a waiter who has not served a tip. Many go through life entire strangers to terror in some form.—New York Sun.

The Old-Fashioned Winter and the New.

Those people who longed for an old-fashioned winter and who are gratified, it is here. The snow drifts are as big and deep as they used to be when we were boys. The old-time fun is missing. Wallowing through drifts up to the waist line is no more amusing. Getting the feet wet means doctor's bills. Not the quarter per visit we used to pay, but two nicely engraved dollar bills. No more bonnet tea of the home brew. It is now quinine and accessories that cost good money, and the old-fashioned winter is, in fact, the thing that makes the real old-fashioned winter impossible.

In the days when life was rural and untroubled and its advantages, the old-fashioned winter was a happy one. The snow was needed for getting out the wood, and the wood was the only fuel. The pole was provided for the winter and it made no difference if the grocery store and the meat market were closed for a week. If the roads were blocked the people could wait. They were in no hurry. No discomfort. Now the winter is changed. Everybody must hurry. They must keep in touch with the distributors of food and clothing. They are obliged to reach promptly their places of employment. Snow has become a nuisance and a nuisance is the daily rush. I interfere with everything and brings in its train delays, suffering and expense. The new-fashioned winter has no use for snow. From then to now is a radical change. But it is not a change for which nature is responsible.—Bristol Press.

Never Forget the Public.

In the event that Mr. Lawson forms a \$500,000 tobacco corporation, we may expect to see him offering \$100,000,000 of stock to the public.—Savannah News.

Would Make Real Trouble.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Pinchot's example is not going to be contagious and get all the star ball players playing for their release this year.—Savannah News.

Cook This Question

"Do you know of any woman who ever received any benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

If any woman who is suffering with any ailment peculiar to her sex will ask her neighbors this question, she will be surprised at the result. There is hardly a community in this country where women cannot be found who have been restored to health by this famous old remedy, made exclusively from a simple formula of roots and herbs.

During the past 30 years we have published thousands of letters from these grateful women who have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never in all that time have we published a testimonial without the writer's special permission. Never have we knowingly published a testimonial that was not truthful and genuine. Here is one just received a few days ago. If anyone doubts that this is a true and honest statement of a woman's experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound write and ask her.

New Orleans, La.—"I suffered with inflammation and ulceration for a long time, and had dreadful backache and a weakness. I had been under the doctors' treatment for six months and they claimed I must be operated upon. I was in bed three weeks and could not turn over on either side the pains were so bad and I was so nervous."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me by a neighbor, and I had taken it only a short time when I felt relieved and now I am a well woman. I am in fine health and feel like a young girl. I have recommended the Compound to my next door neighbor, and hope that all suffering women will try it."

Any woman who is sick and suffering is foolish surely not to give such a medicine as this a trial. Why should it not do her as much good as it did Mrs. Wilson.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice—it is free and always helpful.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

As Mr. Miller Views It.

Mr. Editor: The following editorial note: "Sings Dr. Cook is said not to have paid his typewriter, there is a desire to hear from his Eskimo dog that we have heard of in the past, and told by him." In Saturday's Bulletin, calls the attention of the writer—and, by the way, to the fact that the fact that the greatest columnists were passed along by the Cook admirers and lots of men, and about Peary by both press and people.

Now, my dear Bulletin, will you please wind up your indicator, mark down, in baseball parlance, First three balls, a call, the next two, strikes and the last a ball. The writer does not know how it happened that the Peary Mutual Admiration Club was formed, but he knows the proposition and data. Never asked them. But presume it was for the amusement of the young. A few, very few, of the aged are infected, but the fever does not promise to be very serious. Most of the cases are mild. All prescriptions accurately compounded, is the echoing chime from the daily quality—Copenhagen. Peary and advance agents are now covering the country as a hen covereth her brood, and Uncle Sam his rural route.

The Pole lifter now seemingly inflated to undue proportion, seizes his can of data, but moves briskly, and as the icicles begin to form under the proskin, wraps the sealers about the form and appeals to the dear people. Ready and willing, with enthusiasm and much satisfaction to the raw-dressed, close-the-pole stunt, and give the plucked fowl a "dressed" imaginary ride, with walrus meat on the side, for \$100 night, and some. J. W. MILLER. Jewett City, Conn., Jan. 24, 1910.

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